OUR CHILDRENS PAGE, MADE BY CHILDREN

Dear Children of the Club.

I am sure we are all prepared to take by the hand dur new members, Miss Katherine H. Bakee, of Raleign, N. C., Miss Ruth Everett of Greenfield, Va., Miss A. Irene Dunn, of Richmond, Master Ruble M. Ford, of Montvale, Va.; Miss Julia Lewitt, of this city: Master Julian George, of Charlottes-ville, Va. Miss Josephine Massel, of Richmond, Miss Margarst Vance Ropp, of Shenandoah, Va.; Miss E. S. Merton, of Dundee, Hanover, Va.; Miss Maybelle Schultz, of Richmond, and Miss Ruth Stewart, of Richmond.

I have called them all over by name, and address, so club members may feel themselves properly introduced. I am sure all members will be glad to know through Miss Katherine Baker's story why bedgebors have guills.

The entor thinks sawer less than ertson sincerely for a letter sent from a sick-bed. The editor feels perfectly cure that all members of the club are sorry to hear of their clubmate's sickness, and send him, along with their sympathy, their hope for his speedy recovery.

THE EDITOR,

MISS HENRIETTA HEDGEHOG.

A TROUBLESOME DOLL.

Nothing but her wig is left On the nursery shelf: Oh. I've told her lots of times Not to lose herself!

111.

Dolly never, never does
Anything she's told,
Have to scold her when I find
Anything to scold,
Belected by JOSEPHINE MASSEI,

THE LION.

A fell grown lion is nearly nine feet in length, and between four and five feet in height. The lioness is about three-fourths as large as the lion. The body is covered with hair of a tawny color. He has a long and thick mans, which he can erect at pleasure. A lioness has no mane. The lion lives entirely upon the flesh of other animals. He usually crouches in a thicket and watches until some minmal passes within fifteen or twenty feet of him, when he leaps upon it at the first bound. Should he happen to miss his object, he returns to his hiding place, and waits for another opportunity. He most frequently hides hear a spring or a river, that he may receive the animals which come thither is drink. He rarely attacks men unless wounded or driven to hunger.

16) Sycamore Street, Petersburg, Va.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR THE WEEK.

CONTRIBUTORS FOR THE WEEK. CONTRIBUTORS FOR THE WEEK.

Allen, Marion
Baker, K. H.
Boelte, Alma
Barksdale, Anne
Calloway, W. R.
Cavedo, H.
Dimmock, M. S.
Dudley, M.
Duff, Vora
Duff, Vora
Dunn A. Irene
Ropp, M. V.
Rebbles, M. S.
Ryall, G. Ben

diey M. Roph. M. V. Roph. M. V. R. Vara Rebbles, M. S. Robbles, M.

MISS HENRIETTA HEDGEHOG.
Once upon a time there was a hedgehog. She lived under the hedge stround a very cool and clean stream.
She had a nice little house made of faves by a tree, and the hedge was in treat and in the middle of the hedge was in treat and in the middle of the hedge was in treat and in the middle of the hedge was in treat and in the middle of the hedge was in treat and get things to ceat, so the leaves he had to go of a tot and get things to ceat, so the function of the heard apybody coming.
One day she went out and stayed so long to get some leaves to finish his pest that the needles grew in her children and she never could get them but herself. So that is the reason every hedgehog has prickles.

Mr. Jeremy Fisher was the mother hedgehogs sweetheart, and he invited them to dinner, and she took her children with her. They were sitting out on the porch talking, when Mrs. Hedgehog and her children fell asleed.

Mr. Jeremy Fisher was to make a dog hark at them up was to make a coll park at them up was to make a coll park at them up was to make a coll park at them. They were sitting out on the porch talking, when Mrs. Hedgehog's children fell asleed.

Mr. Jeremy Fisher tried to cut the needles out of Mrs. Hedgehog's children fell asleed.

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Mr. Jeremy Fisher tried to cut the needles out of Mrs. Hedgehog

Dolly's lost her arms and legs— Carcless thing to do! Dolly's gone and lost her head— Lost her body, too.

DMFTOCK

A Visit to Fairyland. Have you ever made a visit to fairy-and? I will tell you of an experi-ING AND WEATHER,

I saw a trained horse named "Trixie,"
And heard Phinney's Band play "Dixie,"
I went to the Wild West Show, too,
Which was next to the best thing I
saw—that's true.

The naval display was fine; The soldlers were all in a line, I saw lots of fish and two scals And saw soldlers drill in the fields,

The Hippodrome was the best of all; For there they danced as if at a, ball. The battle of the Monitor and Merrimac was fine, And, oh! how the water did sline,

EVELYN TURNBULL.

PRINCESS JULIA.

MARY MOORE STONEBURNER. Edinburg, Va.

There are four seasons in the year,
And each, to some one, will bring
cheer.
In the spring-time come the flowers,
Which with sweet perfume are laden,
And in the summer are golden hours
For many a youth and maiden.

I watch with increasing interest, As the enemy draweth nigh; 'Tis getting hot—ah! hotter— And I draw back with a sigh.

IV.

Ah, little folks, who yonder play,
In the early morn of life,
You little think how your fathers
fought
In a stern and bitter fray,
MILDRED S. REBBLE,
Markham, Fauquier county, Va.

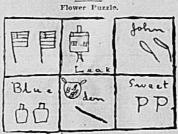


TWO LITTLE LOVERS,
He—"Yuf I hon?"
She—"Yuf I some."
He—"Kis I den."
She—"No, I can't."

Puzzle Department.

Gettig crased the mark.
The pup ignores my command.
Tell him to go at once.
The cives are diminative spirits.
The use of oxygen is to support life.
How offerery be.

7. The use of oxygen is to support life, 8 How offactory he is. By WILLIE A. CALLAWAY. Norwood, Va.



By COURTNEY KEITH MEADE.

Jumbled Large Cities in United States.

PUZZLE ANSWERS.

To Jumbled Vegetables. 8 Old Street, Petersburg, Va.

MARY HAD A LITTLE JAM.

Mary had a little jam. Which tasted very good. Mamma said, "Stay from the pantry," But Mary never would.

Mary took the jam to school In a little bucket. But she left it at the door, And a doggie came and "tuck" lt.

How all the scholars laughed!
And how the teacher scowled!
The doggie friendly wagged his tall,
But poor Marry howled.

But she was soon consoled. And laughed right out. "Tee-hee." Now Ma'll whip the doggle, 'Stead of whipping me.

But, as Mary home did trot,
She thought, "Oh! dear-gee!"
The doggie couldn't reach the shelf,
So the blame will fall on me,

Her mother waited patiently,
Till Mary did appear;
Then she was sent to bed at once,
And wasted many a tear.

For the little folk go over a hill,
Pursuing the enemy there,
Little dreaming one's father was watching them
Watching them
From the depths of his study chair.

But this taught her a lesson,
Although 'twas hard to heed it,
That those who steed the things
Are worse than those that eat it.
Composed by Composed by ANNE R. BARKSDALE. Eikhorn, W. Va.

"AUGUST," AND HOW IT GOT ITS

The month of August was originally
called "Sextilis" because it was the
sixth month in the pre-Julian Roman
veer.

sixth month in the pre-Julian Roman year.

It received its present name from Emperor Augustus, of Rome, not because it was his matal menth, but because in August his greatest good fortune came to haugusts in August, and as August means majestic and is derived from the holy auguries, and connected with the word authority, he thought it a very appropriate name for the month in which his good fortune came.

DOROTHY W. WARD, (Aged eleven.)

Moonlight, Va.

"Yuf I hon?"

"Yuf I some."

"No, I can't."

"Why not, hen?"

"Cause I can't."

"I won't tell."

"All right, den."

"All right, den."

GEORGIS BEN RYALL.

The standard of the stand of the standard of the st

Dalsies."

This is the first picture I have ever drawn for the T. D. C. C.; so you must excuse it. I did not see my poetry in the paper this week.

My birthday comes in this month. I am thirteen the 18th of this month. I am going to Christiansburg real soon, but I won't forget to write to our club.

lub.
Well, I will now close. Much love of the members and much to our kind ditor. A member, MYRTLE ELLAABETH BINGHAM. Elkhorn, W. Va.

BLACKBERRY HUNTING.

One day a party of girls and boys went on a blackberry hunt. They walked and walked till they came to where there was a nice spring, and all around it were blackberries. They all gathered a lot of them and sat down to rest under an old oak tree. They carried their dinner with them. They had fried chicken, ham, biscuits, milk and tea and drank a lot of the nice spring water. They rested awhile and then went to another place and got more berries, and when they went home they each had a water bucket full.

Box 31, Mitchell's, Va.

THE FLAX.

happy.

After a little some men came and pulled it up, roots and all. It was bruised and broken, and at last put on a wheel and the wheel went around fast.

fast.

After a while it was taken off the loom and carried into another room, where it was made into a handsome piece of linen.

It was then sent to a store in Rich-

mond, where a lady bought it one week later and made herself a dress week later and made herself a dress out of it.
Years passed; the dress was in threads and rags. It was taken to a factory. It was mashed and boiled, and in a little time it was paper. The Times-Dispatch was printed on it. It was sold, and in about a week the cook burned it to start a fire with. Thus the flax was killed.
Selected by:

Selected by GERTRUDE CARRAWAY, Box 408, Newbern, N. C. Aged ten years.



A. T. D. C. C. MEMBER. Drawn by MARION ALLEN, 17 East Marshall Street, City.

sent from the people from all parts of Virginia. We want in the fishery, and that was real it cresting to us. We went in the State exhibit, and in the California exhibit. I saw some portiferes made of peanuts in different colors. I went through a large teapot, where they served tea.

There was a house the people made to show how the people from Porto Rice live. We saw a large brown elephant, made of the English walnut shells. I saw the tea plant and the cotton, which I had never seen before. I went through right many other State buildings, but the one I enjoyed most was the one that Captain John Smith was trading with the Indians.

KATE EDWINA CLARY.

Elkhorn, W. Va., August \$, 1907.
Dear Editor.—I will write to the club, as I have not written a letter for three weeks. I will try to draw a picture for the T. D. C. C. I can't draw very well, for I never cared much about it. Of course, I like to look at drawings, I have drawn a picture named "A Sweet Bunch of Dalsies."

This is the first picture I have ever drawn for the T. D. C. C.; so you must excuse it. I did not see my poetry in the paper this week.

My birthday comes in this month. I am going to Christiansburg real soon, but I won't forget to write to our

Grandma sits in her easy chair,
By the firelight's ruddy glow,
And in and out her needles flash,
Knitting the stocking toe.
Her hair is soft, but thin and white,
And her eyes hold a merry smile.
Ask her whence comes her sweet content—
"Why, I take The Times-Dispatch
all the while."

A baby lay in her downy bed,
Gazing with wondering eyes,
Some pure angel, passing by,
Must have dropped him from the
skies.
A mother knelt by the cradle low,
And joy in her dear eyes came—
"My hope, my pride, for years to come,
And Times-Dispatch shall be his
name."

Old Dame Puss in her basket lay, And close to her farry side Was a little bundle as soft as silk, That wiggled and squirmed a

That it would be a cat some day You'd never, never guess.
"What would you call it, dear?" asked.
"Times-Dispatch," said little Bess.

Roy goes down to sail his boat
Whore the wild waves wash the
beach,
And the water stretches far away,
As far as the eyes can reach,
Such a dear little boat, with white
sails spread!
Such a beauty never was seen,
See how she rides the tossing waves.
He calls her "Times-Dispatch Queen."

A farmer sat by the evening lamp,
A paper in his hand.
His hair thrown back from off his
brow—
That was majestic—grand;
"What paper do you read, my friend?
What's best for wife or son?"
"Times-Dispatch," answered the farmer
low— "Times-Dispatch-tis the only one!"

So, friends of Richmond, if you are thred of life,
 If your lot is hard to bear.
If you are bowed beneath a load
 Of overwhelming care,
 If you'd lift your life to one
 Of happiness and cheer,
 And brighten others as you go,
 Take The Times-Dispatch for a year,
 A parody by LILA S, BASS.

DAWN.

Across the milky pathway
The myriad stars are thrown.
In shapes like drops of milk they stay
Until the coming morn.

Then Aurora softly stirs the curtains
To let the gorgeous lights peep
through,
And one by one the myriad stars
Fade with the coming dew.

When all the stars have faded, The moon, like a shadow of light, Floats over the done of heaven, And fast disappears from our sight. Then the red and blue and pink Tells the coming of Apollo, Until above the ridge of gray He bursts with sweetest songs

The curtains softly lifted,
And Apollo then comes through,
And the rays of light are sifted
Upon the earth below.

Farmville, Va. PARKE MORRIS.

Letters From Our Children

Dear Editor,—Please send me a T. D. C. C. badge, and put my deer head in your next Sunday's paper. Your little friend, RUBIS M. FORD.

Dear Editor,—I should like to join your club. Please send me a badge. Hoping to be your new member, o your new member, MARGARET VANCE ROPP. Shenandoah, Va.

Dear Editor.—I am sending you two pic-tures which I hope will win a prize. Please send me a badge. I am your new mem-ber Dullan GEOREE. 1006 E. High St., Charlottesville, Va.

Dear Editor,—Inclosed please find a drawing and jumbled European cities. I hope to see them on our page, Your member, Castlewood, Va. VERA DUFF.

Dear Editor,—I wish very much to become a member of T. D. C. C. Please send me a badge, Inclosed find a story of Grace Darling. I hope it will escape the westebasket.

304 Williams Street, Richmond, Va.

Age thirteen years old.

D. C. C. page very much, and would like every much to Join it. Please send me a sage. With this I am sending you one of ny drawings. Hope you will think it good sough to print. Your new member, 1402 West Broad Street.

Dear Editor,—I received my prize and was much pleased with it, and I thank you ferry much for it. I think it would be reallies to have our entire club spend the day it Idlewood some time before school opens, and we would have such a good time. I will close now, and remain, your affectionite member, WATHERINE MARSH.

Ashland, Va.

Dear Editor,—We get The Times-Dispatch svery Sunday, and I think it is the bespaper printed. I take interest in reading the stories of the Children's Page. I work a piece of poetry called, "The Troublesom Doli," which I hope will escape the waste basket. I am, your new member, JOSEPHINE MASSIE.

SIDNEY MORTON

ing is good enough for the paper. I remain, yours sincerely,
GEORGE BEN RYALL:
Richmond, Va.

Dear Editor,—I can write you a few lines this morning, though I am still sick. I have a fever every day. They call it remittent fever. They will not let me go arcund. I read in bed. I hope I will soon be well, and write you some stories. I will now have to close. Your old member, SAMUEL LEE ROBERTSON.

Tally, Va.

Dear Editor,—I would like so much to become a member of the T. D. C. C. Pleasa sond me a badge. The little plece I send yot. I hope you will print. I wrote it last summer when I was only eleven, and I have wanted to send it for a long time. We have a summer home up here. Our house is named Glendale. We come every June, and stay until September. I must close now Good by, Your new friend,
MILDRED STRIBLING RIBBLE.
Markham, Fauquier county, Va.

Dear Editor,—I inclose a composition on "August," that I worked very hard over. On August 15th, 1824. General LaFayetto made his last visit to this country. I say this in regard to your question as to what happened in this country about one hundred and thirty years ago on that date. I couldn't find anything like it, anywhere, My brother has been very ill, so I couldn't witte to you. Please send me my prize of June 18th, and my medal of July 7th, as I have not received them yet. You very interested member.

Moonlight, Va.

member.

Moonlight, Va.

Dear Editor,—I would like very much to be a member of the T. D. C. C. Inclosed I send my story, "Miss Herrietta. Heagehog." which I hope a old. Please send me sender. I read you can use in your paper. I am six years old Please send me sender. I read your paye tory week, and want so much five your paye tory in. Sinerely KATHERINE HAYWOOD BAKER.

Boylan Avenue, Raleish, N. C.

Dear Editor,—I thank you many times for awarding me a prize, and I was tee surplessed to believe it, although I have been with all my others). I till have my two pribs and the medal, which everyone admired so much. I am always very proud to explain my medal when anyone asks: "What does T. D. C. C. stant for?" I Inclose a poem and (although in have had many things published). I always go for the paper just as soon as possible. I always arm greely (I am sery to say) ahout the T. D. C. C. page, and wait anxiously to see if my piece is published, and I will be just as anxious all this week and next, that is, until Monday after next. I hope to send a drawing soon. By the way, I hope my prize Doem, "How to Draw a Pleture for the T. D. C." may be in print soon, as you made a mistake and published another piece, nevertheless I thank you for the letter, and also the piece which was printed. I hope our page will be a good one next week, and hope to set my prize seen. With love to the members, I am, your affectionate member.

Elk Horn, West Va.

